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FROM THE PEN OF VICTOR HUGO. SUMMER RAIN.

The rain, the rain, the summer rain!
How sweet this balmy eve!
My footstep on the velvet grass,
A gleam of light they leave.
The bird beneath the weeping bough,
(Heaven bless him!) shakes his wing,
And singing in the wind, that makes
A stiller murmur.
Watches the rain-drops as they fall,
Like pearls from some gay coral.
The shower, the summer shower is past;
Again the unclouded sky
Shines on the glittering fields, beneath
A silver net that lies.
The streamlet of the plain, grows force,
With blades of grass, and store
Of sleeping lizards basking,
Sings in, and tumbling o'er.
Some dangerous pebble's precipice,
Makes Niagara to the sea!
Whirling anan on that wild flood,
Some carles insects sweep,
Perched on a larger insect's wing,
A wreck upon the deep.
Or, clear to some floating isle,
A withered leaf—they dream
Their troubles light, if, prevalent o'er
The brink of that rude stair,
A straw's majestic point appears,
To stop them in their dream career.
The currents o'er the sand have guised,
The vapours onward fly;
The dim horizon, dumber grows,
Escapes the rain's eye.
And now a few bright trembling specks,
Like lovely stars are seen;
Till reaching on the sight, the hills
Have burst the veil between.
While thousand rain-brooks bubbling down,
Stream from their bare and shining crowns.
Oh, come—along the humid plain—
Come, by the linden grove,
They gentle arms embracing mine,
Alone, we may there stop.
But are the sloping hills we leave,
A moment turn these eyes
Where palaces and halls are bright
With sunbeams and the blue sky;
And, on a heaven of darkest blue,
A golden city sheds the view.
Oh, see! from yonder misty roof,
A thousand smoke ascends;
There happy hearts and bright eyes
Are sweetly communed.
The windows flashing in the sun,
A light like torches shine;
The illuminated city shows
A welcome to the rain.
Such be the current lights that fall
On nature's sun-set festival.
The rainbow—oh! the rainbow, see
Gleaming the illumined sky;
A rainbow the Almighty sent,
When rain and tempests fly.
How oft, eternal spheres! my soul
Has longed for wings of wind,
That some illustrious might of God,
The secret to unfold.
To what for worlds of endless day,
That golden sun-bridge leads the way.

COCKNIES & SHRIMPS.

PEWELL BELL VUE.—Here you eat
shrimps in perfection, at a very moderate ex-
pense, accompanied by such ale, that you feel,
like Macbeth in his last speech, very unwilling
to say, "hold—enough!" Such is the praise
which those right worshipful authorities, the
"Coast Guides," bestow upon Pegwell bell-
vue; and with the very same praise—barring
Macbeth's last dying speech, might they, with
more justice praise the Blue Pig in Dark-house-
lane, or the Cat in Pattens at Billingsgate. The
fact is, that the shrimp, of Pegwell, is its worst
point;—compared with a Lynn shrimp, it is what
a Lynx shrimp is to a lobster—that is to say, a
comparable little pigmy; and as to the ale, 'tis
what a worthy old friend of mine calls *paradox-
ale*—'tis both flat and sharp; with a very un-
pleasant propensity to give the drinker a
colic. Now had I the honour of writing a "Coast
Guide," I would describe Pegwell Bell-vue
something after the following fashion—Here
we have a pretty little old-fashioned tavern,
nicely smarten'd up, so as to resemble a group
of jessupian tin-caddies and dressing-boxes. It
is kept by a smart young man, in a green tur-
cock, whose name is "Mr. Cramp, jun."—a
slip of the Old Royal Oak at Ramsgate, and
you are above five feet nine, stoop a little, keep
your elbows close, and insinuate yourself through
the principal passage, and at the end thereof
you will find a pretty little three cornered
parlour of a grass-plot—bounded on one side by
the back of the house; on the other, by a low
white paling running along the very edge of the
high bluff cliff which formeth the eastern head
of Pegwell bay;—the said low white paling hid-
den here and there by a superb hydrangea, and
festoons of nasturtiums in full flower; and on the
third and last side, beneath a screen of tall flow-
ering shrubs, a row of little trellis'd summer
arbours overgrown with that pretty climbing
plant which, when England was merry old Eng-
land, used to be called "Traveller's Joy," or
"Virgin's Bower;" but which in this age of in-
tellect is scientifically denominated "Clematis."
Seat yourself in one of these arbours, under the
"Traveller's Joy;" and if you be given to the
picturesque, look out over the low white paling
before you; if it is just such an afternoon as
was when I was there, you will see the way,
spread out beneath you, smooth as a mirror,
with sundry small dark specks moving about on
its surface; which, if you please, you imagine to
be Panope and her fair sisters, and say—
The air is calm, and on the level brins,
Black Panope and all her sisters;
—but if you ask me what they are, 'faith I
must speak the truth, and say they are neither
more nor less than so many addled-bee-
shrimp-catchers.—Now look to the right. Never
mind the Preventive Service station, on the
chalk cliff there; but look more to the right,
amongst those "hedge row elms and hillokes
green," and newly-ripened corn fields, and
many little homesteads with their mossy orchards
and grey old barns, and narrow green lanes
winding away amongst them, down to where the
ruins of old Rustup lie mouldering in the
mouth of the valley of Stone Lees, yonder, at
the head of the bay.—That's all vastly pretty,
you'll say; and so it is, I guess; but now turn
your eyes towards this way, and when you are
at "eyes front," right across the bay, before
you, is the ancient town and port of Sandwich;
—you will easily find her out by the blue smoke
of her household fires. Now look on, here,
more to the left, along where the south Fore-
land, roughened with cottages and clumps of
trees, stretches away yonder into the Downs;
where you see the bluff old Ramites and her
attendant brigs, sloops, and cutters, riding in
silly silence for the protection of his most gra-

THE AERIAL SPIDER.

The cobwebs which are found occasion-
ally floating in the air, alighting on the face
and person as we walk, in threads of finest
texture, and which are observable more
especially in dry mornings, at certain sea-
sons, over spreading the fields with a tissue
charged with pearly globules sparkling in
the sun's rays, are the work of vast numbers
of aerial spiders, which, descending during
the night to imbibe the moisture, weave
among the blades of grass the webs which
collect the dew. The cause of the rising of
this insect and its web into the air, since its
specific gravity considerably exceeds that of
the atmosphere, has been variously explain-
ed. Mr. Blackwell, in an address to the
Linnean Society, professes to account for the
ascent of the threads by ascribing it to the
effect of the warm currents of air emanat-
ing from the surface of the ground. Mr.
John Murray combats his doctrine, and ac-
counts for the phenomenon in these floating
webs on electrical principles. The following
is the substance of his observations on this in-
teresting insect, in the "Magazine of Natu-
ral History," of November last. During the
day these aerial spiders, according to the
electrical state of the atmosphere, either rise
in a vertical direction, (and that rapidly or
slowly, as they are affected by the same
electrical circumstances,) or they float at
angles more or less inclined to the horizon,
or on a parallel with its plane. They have
the power of propelling their threads in a
similar variety of directions, either in mo-
tionless air, or in an atmosphere agitated by
the winds; or even against the wind, the
threads preserving invariably the direction
in which they are propelled, and never inter-
mingling; and sometimes a pencil of threads,
presenting the appearance of a divergent
brush, is propelled. On comparing these
operations of the insect with the electrical
state of the atmosphere, the following cor-
responding results are observable; when the
air is in a positive state, as in clear and fine
weather, the spider makes his ascent most
easily and rapidly; when it is weakly positive,
he rises with difficulty, to a limited altitude,
and with but slight inclination of the pro-
pelled threads above the plane of the horizon;
while, when the negative electricity prevails,
as in cloudy weather, or on the approach of
rain, he is altogether unable to ascend; so
as towards evening the positive elec-
tricity of the air comes feeble, and during
the night changes to negative, then the spi-
ders descend to the earth. With regard to
the habits of this little aeronaut in other re-
spects, Mr. Murray says, he is greedy of
moisture, though otherwise abstemious; its
food is, perhaps, peculiar, and only found in
the superior regions of the sky; like the rest
of its tribe, it is doubtless carnivorous, and
may subvert some highly important purpose
in the economy of Providence; such, for in-
stance, as the destruction of that truly minute
insect the *Furia infernalis*, whose wound is
stated to be mortal. Its existence has indeed
been questioned, but by no means disproved;
that, and some others, injurious to man, or
to the inferior creation, may be its destined
prey, and thus our little aeronaut, unheeded
by the common eye, may subvert an im-
portant good.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

ANECDOTES OF MOORE, THE POET.

At Mayfield, near Ashbourne, is a cottage
where Moore, it is stated, composed *Lalla
Rookh*. For some years this distinguished poet
lived at the neighbouring village of Mayfield;
and there was no end to the pleasantness and
anecdotes that were floating about its coteries
respecting him; no limit to the recollections
which existed of the peculiarities of the poet,
of the wit and drollery of the man. Our desire to
go over the cottage which he had inhabited was
unrealizable. It is neat, but very small, and re-
markable for nothing except combining a most
sheltered situation with the most extensive pro-
spect. Still one had pleasure in going over it,
and peeping into the little book-room, yclep-
ed "The Poet's Den," from which so much true
poetry had issued to delight and amuse mankind.
But our satisfaction was not without its portion
of alloy. As we approached the cottage, a
figure scarcely human appeared at one of the
windows. Mar Augustus, in spite of his name,
his kind remonstrance, munching them whole;
and his papa complaining bitterly of their in-
ferior quality.
"If ever I come to Peggle a shrimp-eating
again, say my name's 'nt Jonathan—that's all."
—How you talk, Stubbs love! I think the
shrimps are very nice.—Then I say, Mrs.
Stubbs, that you've about as much judgment
as a donkey—in the article of shrimps; and you'd
better buy your own business—what you can
comprehend. Nice! why they're as dry as a
chip; there's no juice in 'em; and I shouldn't
wonder if they was boiled yesterday. Don't tell
me—I know'd what shrimps was before I know'd
you, Mrs. Stubbs; and I know the only way to
eat 'em in perfection is to eat 'em catch'd, and
popp'd into the pot over a good fire, while they're
so lovely that you may hear 'em sing and whistle
as they feel it; that's the way to cook
'em; and then spread 'em out on a clean cloth,
while you cut your bread and butter;—and there
you have 'em—juicy and full of virtue!—and not
such chips and chaff as these are.
—What a piece of work is man! thought I.—
How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties!
in action how like an angel!—the beauty of the
world!—the paragon of animals! &c.—but
whether yellow-whiskers found Mr. Stubbs's
best walking cane or not, I didn't stop to learn.

It had been long since averred that eggs
would keep perfectly well for ten months in lime
water. A still more effectual way of preserving
them has been tried: it is that of depositing
them in a weak solution of hydrochlorate of
chalk (thirty grains of salt to a pound of water).
the liquid always above the eggs, and to stand
in a cool situation. So treated they have been
kept for a whole year, preserving all their fresh-
ness. It has been suggested, that the sulphate
of iron would have the same effect.—*Reptori-
Rufur de Pharmacie.*

at that distance, "both mournfully and slow;"
while those exquisitely touching stanzas,
"Weep not for those whom the veil of tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,"
were avowedly written on the sister of an Ash-
bourne gentleman, Mr. P.—B.—But to his drol-
leries. He avowed on all occasions an utter hor-
ror of ugly women. He was heard, one evening,
to observe to a lady, whose person was pre-
eminently plain, but who nevertheless had been
anxiously doing her little endeavours to attract
his attention, "I cannot endure an ugly wo-
man. I'm sure I could never live with one. A
man that marries an ugly woman cannot be hap-
py." The lady observed, that "such an obser-
vation she could not permit to pass without re-
mark. She thought many plain countenances who lived
most happily." "Don't talk of it," said the
wit; "don't talk of it. It cannot be." "But
I tell you," said the lady, who became all at
once both piqued and positive, "it can be, and it
is. I will name individuals so circumstanced. You
have heard of Colonel and Mrs. —. she speaks in a
deep, gruff bass voice; he is a thin, shrill treble.
She looks like a John Doree; he like a dried alligator. They are called Bob-
ble and Squeak by some of their neighbours.
Venus and Adonis by others. But what of that?
They are not handsome, to be sure; and there is
neither mirror nor pier-glass to be found, search
their house from one end to the other.—But what
of that? No unhandsome reflections can, in such a
case, be cast by either party! I know them well,
and a more harmonious couple I never met with. Now,
Mr. Moore, in reply, what have you to urge? I flatter myself
I have overthrown your theory completely." "Not a
whit, Colonel — has got into a scrape, and like a
soldier puts the best face he can upon it." Those
still exist who were witnesses to his exultation when
he entered Mrs. —'s drawing-room, with an open
letter in his hand, and in his peculiar joyous and
animated manner exclaimed, "Don't be surprised if I
play all sorts of antics! I am like a child with a new
rattle! Here is a letter from my friend Lord Byron,
telling me he has dedicated to me his poem of the
Corsair. Ah, Mrs. —, it is nothing new for a poor poet to
dedicate his poem to a great Lord; but it is some-
thing passing strange for a great Lord to dedicate
his book to a poor poet." Those who know him
most intimately feel no sort of hesitation in declar-
ing, that he has again and again been heard to
express regret at the earlier efforts of his muse;
or reluctance in stating, at the same time, as a fact,
that Mr. M., on two different occasions, endeavoured
to re-purchase the copyright of certain poems; but, in
each instance, the sum demanded was so exorbitant,
as of itself to put an end to the negotiation. The
attempt, however, does him honour. And, affec-
tionate father as he is well known to be when
he looks at his beautiful little daughter, and those
fears and hopes and castles and anxieties, come
over him which almost choke a parent's utterance
as he gazes on a promising and idolized child, he
will own the censures passed on those poems to be
just, nay, more—every year will find him more
and more sensible of the paramount importance of
the union of female purity with female loveliness—
more alive to the duty of a father's part to guard the
maiden bosom from the slightest taint of licen-
tiousness. It is a fact not generally suspected,
though his last work, "The Epicurean," affords
strong internal evidence of the truth of the observa-
tion, that few are more thoroughly conversant
with Scripture than himself. Many of Althea's
most beautiful remarks are simple paraphrases of
the sacred volume. He has been heard to quote from
it with the happiest effect; so that there was no book
like it, no book, regarding it as a mere human
composition, which could on any subject even "approach
it in poetry, beauty, pathos, and sublimity." Long
may these sentiments abide in him!—*Literary Gazette.*

SINGULAR DUEL.

Nothing was more common at Boulogne than
duelling; and the mania had extended even to the
dull and peaceable Netherlands of the Bittels,
under the orders of Admiral Wertheim. There
was, not far from the camp on the left, at the
foot of a hill, a small wood, which could be
passed at no hour without observing on the turf
a dozen individuals engaged in what they called
a *duel of honour*. It was here that a celebra-
ted amazon, the Demoiselle Divonne, fell under
the sword of a quondam lover, Colonel Cambré,
who, not recognizing her in her male attire, had
accepted from her a challenge to single combat.
The Demoiselle Divonne, whom he had forsaken
for another, had wished to perish beneath his hand.

One day I was casting my eyes on this scene
of bloody encounter, from the extremity of the
left camp which peopled the extensive plain,
when I saw at some distance from the little wood
two men, one of whom was advancing towards
the other, who was retreating across the plain.
By the white trousers I knew the champions
to be Hollanders, and I paused a moment to
look at them. Soon the assailant retrograded
in his turn, and then, mutually alarmed, they
both retreated, brandishing their sabres; one,
plucking up a little courage, made a thrust at
his adversary, and then pursued him to the
brink of a ditch which he was unable to leap.
Both then throwing down their swords, a pugil-
istic combat commenced between the heroes, who
thus decided the quarrel. I was greatly amused
at this comic duel, when I saw, near a farm
where we sometimes went to eat "codian," (a kind
of white soup made with flower and eggs), two
individuals, who, stripped to the skin, were already
prepared, sword in hand, attended by their sec-
onds, who were respectively a quarter-master of the
10th regiment of dragoons and a forager of artillery.
The weapons soon crossed, and the smaller of the
two combatants, who was an artillery sergeant, skip-
ped about in a very singular manner, and hav-
ing traversed in a strange way at least fifty
paces, I thought he must be infallibly run
through when in an instant he disappeared, as if
the earth had opened and swallowed him up, and
a loud burst of laughter succeeded. After the first
shoutings of this noisy mirth, the seconds ap-
proached, and I observed that they stooped
down. Impelled by a feeling of curiosity, I
went towards the spot, and arrived just in time
to help them in pulling out of a hole dug for
the formation of a large hog-trough, the poor

devil whose sudden disappearance had so great-
ly astonished me. He was almost lifeless, and
covered with mire from head to foot. The air
soon brought him to his senses, but he was
afraid to breathe; he dared not open his eyes or
mouth, so foul was the liquid in which he had
been plunged. In this woful plight, the first
words that saluted his ears were jokes. Feel-
ing disgusted at such unfeeling conduct, I yield-
ed to my just indignation, and darted at his an-
tagonist one of those insignificant glances which
between soldier and soldier need no inter-
preter.

"Enough," said he, "I am ready for you;"
and scarcely was I on my guard, when, on the
arm which held the foil to which I had opposed
him, I saw a tattooing which I thought was
not unknown to me. It was the figure of an an-
chor, of which the stem was encircled by the
folds of a serpent. "I see the tail," I exclaim-
ed, "take care of the head;" and with this
word of advice I thrust at my man, and hit him
on the right breast. "I am wounded," he then
said, "that is first blood."—"It is," said I,
"first blood;" and without another word I be-
gan to tear my shirt to staunch the blood that
flowed from his wound. I necessarily exposed
his breast, where, as I had judged, I saw the
head of the serpent, which was delineated as if
gnawing the extremity of his bosom.

Observing how earnestly I alternately exam-
ined his features and this mark, my adversary
seemed to grow uneasy; but I hastened to assure
him, by these words which I whispered in his
ear,—"I know you; but fear nothing, I am dis-
creet."—"I know you too," he replied, ques-
tioning my hand, "and I will be also silent." He
who thus promised secrecy was a fugitive galley-
slave from the Bague of Toulon. He told me
his assumed name, and stated that he was prin-
cipal quarter-master of the 10th dragoons,
where, in expense, he surpassed all the officers
of his regiment.

Whilst this mutual recognition was taking
place, the individual, whose cause I had espous-
ed as the champion of his wrongs, was endea-
vouring to wash off in a rivulet the thickest of
the filth which covered him, and he soon return-
ed to us; and all were now quiet and well be-
haved, so that there were no longer any grounds
of difference, and the inclination for laughter
was turned into an uncommon wish for reconci-
liation.

The principal quarter-master, whom I had
wounded but slightly, proposed that we should
ratify articles of peace at the Canon d'Or, where
they had always ready excellent stewed eels and
roast-plucked poultry. He there gave us a
princely breakfast, which was kept up till sup-
per came, for which his adversary paid.

From a London Paper.

LAW OF LIBEL.

DE CRESPIGNY, M.P. v. WELLESLEY.
This case came before the Court on demurrer,
under the following circumstances:—
It may be recollected that in the course of last
summer a duel was fought between Mr. Long
Wellesley and the Rev. Heston De Crespigny, in
consequence of the former having imputed to Sir
William De Crespigny, Mr. Heaton De Crespig-
ny's father, an intrigue with a female relative of
both the parties. Some explanations of the cir-
cumstances afterwards appeared in the news-
papers, in reply to one of which Mr. Wellesley
published, amongst other things, the minutes of a
conversation (containing the imputation upon the
plaintiff above referred to,) between himself
and Mr. De Crespigny, which he stated had been
drawn up by Mr. De Crespigny himself, and af-
ter having been subsequently revised and correct-
ed by him were delivered to Mr. Wellesley, and
shown to Captain De Brooks in the presence of
Colonel Fromanteau and Colonel Paterson. Sir
William, upon this, instituted an action of libel
against Mr. Wellesley. The declaration contain-
ed a great number of counts, charging the fore-
going and other publications as libels, to all of
which the defendant pleaded the general issue
—not guilty; to which he added three special
pleas to that part of the declaration which re-
lated to the above-mentioned minutes, and also
to a letter alleged to have been received from
Mr. De Crespigny, which, please, deviated of their
technical language, were in substance this:—
That inasmuch as the defendant, when he pub-
lished the alleged libellous matter in question,
stated, at the same time, the name of the party
who had previously published it to him, he was
not liable to an action in respect of such publi-
cation.
To these special pleas of justification the
plaintiff demurred.

Mr. Serjeant WILKES now appeared to support
the demurrer. These pleas, he said, raised the
question—1st, as to whether the publication of
slander by another was justified by the fact that
the author, when he published it, mentioned the
name of a party of whom it had been previ-
ously published to him; and next, if so, did that
maxim extend to written slander as well as oral?
This doctrine arose from a mistaken construction
of the act of Parliament the 3d Geo. I. chap. 34,
and the 2d Richard II., chap. 6, which it was er-
roneously supposed extended to civil cases. The
great leading case constantly relied on in sup-
port of the position, was that of the Earl of
Northampton, reported in 12th Coke, in which
the Judges had, amongst other things resolved,
that if A said he heard B say that C was a felon
or a traitor, if the truth were so, he might just-
ly be sued to be punished. The learned serjeant contended that this
case had never been expressly recognized as law
in any of the subsequent cases (except one, which
was a bad one, and had been overruled,) and
ought therefore to have no weight with the
Court, inasmuch as it was opposed to all sound
principles of justice; and, besides, was contained
in a volume of Lord Coke's Reports which had
been published after his death, and without his
sanction, from a mass of indigested notes. The
learned serjeant then took a review of all the
cases which bore upon this subject, arguing that
although some of them contained expressions
which to a certain extent negatively upheld the
doctrine laid down in Lord Northampton's case,
yet that none of them did so directly, while the
great majority of them bore strongly against it.
But upon principle as well as authority, the doc-
trine contended for on the other side ought to be
rejected. The injury arose here, not from the origi-
nal publication, but from the subsequent one
by the defendant. Besides, the principle upon
which alone a plea of this description could be
attempted to be supported was, that the plaintiff
was furnished with a remedy over against the
original publisher; but who could say, upon the

present plea, that the plaintiff had his action
against Mr. De Crespigny, who, for all the Court
could tell, might have made the communication
confidentially, and in good faith; or who might
be a lunatic? In short, on these pleas there was
no clear action given, and therefore they could
not stand.

Mr. Justice PARR.—Suppose, for argument
sake, that Mr. De Crespigny, as you put it,
brother Wilde, were a lunatic, and said, "My
father is a great rascal, and is living in a state
of concubinage," although he might love his
father dearly when in his sober senses, could
that justify another in publishing those words?

Mr. Serjeant WILKES.—Certainly not; and
these pleas not only gave no action over, but
they did not aver that the minutes in question
had been published by Mr. De Crespigny; they
only stated that he had delivered them to the
defendant, and that might have been for the pur-
pose of destroying them. But he would suppose
another case: suppose that the original publica-
tion were a perfect forgery; now it was very well
known that persons could at all times be pro-
cured who were ready to say what was wanted
under certain circumstances. Was it then to be
ensured that a party who, it appeared from this
record, was seeking to obtain the custody of his
children, was at liberty to say, "unless you give
me up my children, whether I have a right to
them or not, I will distress and persecute you by
circulating every species of calumny against you;
and if you bring your action, I will publish this
malicious publication; by saying that I said I had
heard it from a party who is a beggar?" Was
that part of the law of this country? if so, the
mischievous to which it must inevitably lead proved
that it ought not to be law any longer. The
Court, he was sure, would require a very cogent
authority indeed before they sanctioned such a
maxim. But even if they felt any hesitation in
deciding against the doctrine promulgated in
Lord Northampton's case, their Lordships would
bear in mind that the maxim was there only ap-
plied to oral slander, and could not be extended
except by analogy to written slander, which he
was certain the Court would never be anxious to
do, where the principal was fraught with so
much mischief and injustice.

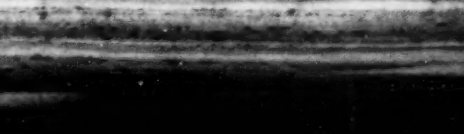
Mr. Serjeant STURGES, in support of the
pleas, contended that the consequences pointed
out by his brother Wilde, would not necessarily
result from upholding a plea of this description;
because any of those circumstances which would
go to deprive the plaintiff of his remedy over
might be alleged by him in his replication, and
that would bring the question fairly before the
Court. The maxim for which he contended was
not founded solely on Lord Northampton's case,
although he submitted that case had always
been recognized, through a long course of years,
as good law. Although we knew from his com-
temporaries, Lord Bacon and others, that Lord
Coke had an invention in reporting, yet his re-
ports contained such sound learning and princi-
ples, that they had always been adopted into
the law by succeeding judges, and were not now
to be rejected because certain antiquaries, like
Mr. Margrave and others, chose to find fault
with them. The learned serjeant then referred
certainly to the different cases on this subject, in
all of which, he argued, this doctrine had been
treated as an established maxim of law. He ad-
mitted, however, that there was no express de-
cision in which this maxim had been applied to
the case of written slander; but what was the
difference between written and oral slander?
The Court, he submitted, were the party was
named, the plaintiff could in either case bring
his action against the original author; or if he
had been mad or drunk, as suggested by his
learned brother, he might state that in his
reply by way of a new assignment.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—How could
the plaintiff, who did not hear the words spoken,
know whether the party were drunk or sober,
or mad? Was it not then incumbent on the
defendant to negative those circumstances?
Mr. Serjeant STURGES submitted that that
was never yet required in any plea: otherwise a
defendant would have to rack his invention, and
go on negating all sorts of supposed possible
circumstances, so that his plea would be quite
endless. The learned counsel went on to con-
tend that there was no injustice in upholding this
doctrine, because a plea of this kind gave the
plaintiff a better action, inasmuch as he might
give the subsequent publication in evidence
against the original publisher, and thus obtain
damages, not only for the first publication, but
also for the second,—the original author being
responsible for all the consequences of his mis-
conduct. With respect to the supposed case
of a beggar, that was a supposition that was
not contemplated in the eye of the law. How-
ever, if there was any thing wrong in the law as it had stood for 100 years past,
let the Legislature amend it. Analogies in law
ought not to be rashly disturbed. If an analogy
in law were to be disturbed in a favourable case,
there was no saying how soon cases of a dif-
ferent description might arise in which it would
be found productive of greater mischief and
injustice.

Mr. Serjeant WILKES replied.
The Court, he submitted, although they did
not feel much difficulty in coming to a decision,
yet, as the case was one of a general impor-
tance, they would prefer taking a day or two be-
fore they pronounced their judgment.

A DUSTMAN'S JOKE.

At the Union Hall police office, on Monday
a fellow in the garb of a dustman came running
in a great fright, followed by a crowd of idlers,
and making his way to the bench, complained
that a pitch-plaster had just been stuck upon
his face by a man in a neighbouring public-
house, against whom he demanded a warrant.
Mr. HALLS observing that the face of the com-
plainant was completely covered with some
stuff that certainly looked very like pitch, or-
dered an officer to go with the complainant,
and bring the accused before him. In a few mi-
nutes the officer returned with a young fellow in
custody, whom the complainant immediately
charged with having forcibly applied a pitch-
plaster to his face, with a view, as he conceived,
of making him a subject for the surgeons. Mr.
HALLS told the clerk to take down the evi-
dence in writing, and asked the defendant what
he had to say to the charge? The defendant, who
with difficulty restrained himself from laughing,
replied, "Why, your Worship, I have been fol-
lowing in the habit of following me wherever I go,
to take a drop of drink; and although I never
invites him, he takes the liberty of drinking with
me. He has such an enormous swallow, your
worship, that he never makes a second offer of
a pint of porter, but drinks it clean off at the
first. I have tried to avoid him but he follows
me from house to house like my shadow, and
whatever I call for, he is sure to help himself
to the best share, and never offers to pay a far-
thing." "Such conduct is rather shabby, no
doubt," replied Mr. HALLS, smiling; but how
do you account for the pitch-plaster upon his
face?" "Why, your Worship, I'll tell you," re-
plied the defendant, "I want to take a drop of



The violent of the *Panama* wind on the night of the 3d inst. has been so severe that it has blown the *Panama* out of the harbor. The *Panama* was blown out of the harbor. The *Panama* was blown out of the harbor. The *Panama* was blown out of the harbor.

Mr. Henry Gilbert, (the proprietor of the *Gazeta Mercantil*), and Don Ignacio Nunez were placed at liberty on 6th inst., after an imprisonment of ten days. In *El Tiempo* of 11th inst. appeared an explanatory letter from Señor Nunez, relative to the offensive article, which is stated to be the production of a friend in whom he had confidence, and who requested him to get it inserted in the *Gazeta*, and that the insertion took place without the parties being exactly aware of its purport.

The arrival of General San Martin in the last Packet, and his departure for Monte Video, elected considerable observation. The *Tiempo* of 10th inst. contains some remarks upon the subject, stating that the conduct of the General is perfectly inapplicable; that in Rio Janeiro he must have informed himself of the events which took place in this city on the 1st of December, and in Monte Video with every particular, its consequences, and the actual state of the country; that he had received visits on board the Packet from many of his friends, consequently they would have told him that at present no other contest exists in Buenos Ayres but that of order against anarchy. Neither could he (the General) be ignorant that in this country there is no want of public men of which perhaps from his long absence he has not had the means of correctly informing himself. The *Tiempo* concludes the article with wishing the General a pleasant voyage to Monte Video, and that his scruples may speedily vanish.

It is said that some individuals are about to establish a line of Packets from Havre de Grace and Bordeaux to Buenos Ayres.

COLOMBIA.—Advices are received from Bogota and Maracaybo to the 4th ult. inclusive. Mr. Harrison, our Minister, arrived at Bogota on the 5th February, and presented his credentials to the 7th to the Minister of State and Secretary of Foreign Affairs, in the absence of the Liberator President. The guerrilla bands of Ordoñez have been partially cut up in Popayan. The substance of an official despatch from the Secretary General to Bolivar, relating to the affair in the river of Guayaquil, in which Admiral Guise lost his life by a gun bursting, has been anticipated by private correspondence published some days since. It is said that he manifested the greatest repugnance to executing the orders he had received from the Peruvian government, to burn the city of Guayaquil. Bolivar is said to be more hostile to Peru than to Colombia, and a body of 3000 men is reported to have been organized to invade the former country.

From New Orleans we have received papers to the 24th of March. On the 19th, the steamboat *Muskingum*, bound from Cincinnati to Natchitoches, with stores for the U. S. Army, struck on a snag in Little River, two miles above the ferry, and went down immediately. Her deck remains a little below the surface of the water. Most of her cargo will probably be saved, without much damage. On the 21st of March the sloop *Huron*, which was fitted out at Mantanzas to search for the pirates, arrived at New Orleans, not having fallen in with them. The steamboat *Natchez* which left New Orleans on the 19th, ran against a snag off Faoussé River, and it was feared would be totally lost. On the 23d, the Captain of the British brig *Indian* having some dispute with the crew, they manifested a disposition to mutiny. The police were sent for, and a guard of six men dispatched to the vessel, but were overpowered. A second detachment arrested the leaders, and carried them to prison. On the 22d, a man was murdered in St. Peter street, at an early hour in the evening. His body had been cut open in four places with a dagger, and his pockets rifled and turned wrong side out, before any person arrived at the spot. Several persons have been under suspicion of being concerned in the murder.

Charlotte, April 7.—The Pilot boat *Friends*, off our Bar on the 6th inst. boarded the British sloop boat *Favourite*, 6 days from Nassau, and took from her Capt. R. SOULE, his officers and crew, of the ship *Coliseum*, of Boston, and Capt. T. TAYLOR, of the ship *Coliseum*, of Baltimore, and three Spanish gentlemen, passengers in the *Sally*. The ship *Coliseum*, RICHARD SOULE, master, from Boston bound to Havana, was wrecked the 13th of March on the Gingerbread Ground, Bahama banks, vessel lost, part of her cargo was saved and carried into Nassau, where it was sold. It will be recollected that the *Coliseum* was one of the vessels missing at our last dates from Havana, and a guard of six men dispatched to the vessel, but were overpowered. A second detachment arrested the leaders, and carried them to prison. On the 22d, a man was murdered in St. Peter street, at an early hour in the evening. His body had been cut open in four places with a dagger, and his pockets rifled and turned wrong side out, before any person arrived at the spot. Several persons have been under suspicion of being concerned in the murder.

FROM KEY WEST.—By the sloop, Hyder Aly, Captain PLAGE, we have the Key West Register of the 26th, and an Extra from that office of the 30th ult. The extra contains an official despatch in relation to the discovery of a piratical schooner, by the armed schooner *Habano*, corresponding substantially, with the account of the same event already published. The following are the only other articles of interest we find: The Revenue Cutter *Pulaski*, Captain Harrison, sailed from this port on the 14th inst. for Havana, carrying Col. George M. Brooke, Dr. Macomb and Lieut. Collins, of the United States Army. The Cutter returned on the 20th, and sailed again on the 24th on a cruise. On Thursday, the 19th inst. between 4 and 5 o'clock, P. M. the sloop *Lily*, Capt. Lund, lying in the Bay Honda Harbour, saw the Thora, Capt. Barclay, at anchor near her. Capt. B. spoke the *Lily*, and requested a boat to be sent, which was immediately done; when on board found that she had sprung a leak, and that it was impossible to keep her from sinking; got her under way and ran her on the beach. Early next morning boarded and found her full of water. By request of Capt. L. took the crew, pumps, and buckets, &c. and succeeded in freeing her so far as to be able to bring her into Key West. The above information was furnished by Capt. Lund.

From the Key West Register, Extra, March 30. We have the pleasure to announce the safe arrival of the ship *Coronant* of Boston, at Havana, after a long passage—the other vessels missing had not made their appearance up to the 28th inst. There had been several arrivals at Havana from Vera Cruz; the accounts from Mexico present that confusion, and the state of affairs that could not away were hurrying to the sea-ports to embark. The accounts from Cuba are very gloomy also. A very severe Police has been established

at the head of which General Arismendi has been placed. General Paz commands as General-in-Chief at Curacao, in which city there were seventeen general officers and very few troops—money was very scarce and the few troops only receive one-fourth part of pay. The accounts from Bolivar are not very satisfactory—the late insurrection is more alarming than was first supposed.

The money lost by Mr. MATHEWS, at Baltimore, has been restored through the Post-office, the \$500 offered as a reward having been deducted.

FOR THE DAILY CHRONICLE. R. PENN SMITH's new drama of the *Disowned* was played again last evening to a crowded house, and met with an enthusiastic reception. We never saw an audience more affected than at the last scene of this play—and we are certain that it will long retain its place among our Stock Dramas, or at least as long as it has Rowbotham to personate the leading character. The splendid Ballet Corps also made its appearance, and the Dancers were severally greeted as they entered. Benoni has lost nothing of its elasticity which we formerly so much admired, and the graceful Ravenot was admirable as the heroine. Corby and Louise also contributed greatly to the success of the Ballet. One of the Corps made himself very obnoxious to the audience by the familiar way in which he viewed them—they resented it in a manner that we hope will correct his taste, which certainly is bad, for we were all eyes for the stage, and wondered that a man should be so lost to the graceful movements of the dance as to deign an eye to the audience when such things were enacting by his side. We will change seats with him at the next representation and give him odds.—He will then have a right to use his stinging qualities, and both parties will be gratified.—The nuisance was removed before the termination of the piece by the prompt interference of the acting manager. Z.

DIED. At his residence, in Lower Dublin Township, on the 14th inst. TIMOTHY MACKLACK, Esq. in 99th year of his age. The friends of the family are invited to attend his funeral, on the 15th inst. at 10 o'clock, from his late residence, No. 405 Arch street, to-morrow morning, at 10 o'clock. Yesterday morning, at 11 o'clock, in the 29th year of his age, LYDIA ANN, wife of John C. De Roach, (now out at Sea), of a lingering disease. The relations and friends of the family are invited to attend her funeral, from No. 334 North Front street, at 3 o'clock this afternoon, without further notice. On Monday afternoon, TERESINE, infant daughter of Mr. Henry Babad, aged 7 weeks. At New Orleans, Feb. 12, in the 17th year of his age, JOSEPH P. JONES, a native of New Orleans, and son of Mr. John P. Jones. The death of this amiable young man was attended with remarkable circumstances. He received an accidental wound on his head from a splinter, on the 20th January last, which produced, in the second day afterwards, symptoms of the jaw-jaw, and impressed him with a belief that his life would soon be brought to a close, from which the effects of his friends could not effectually detach him. Three weeks before his death, while labouring under pain which he termed excruciating beyond description, he wrote letters to his different schoolmates, requesting their attendance at his funeral, and composed in verse an epitaph upon himself, which he wished engraved upon his tombstone. It expressed in pathetic language his regrets at his early departure from life, and the frustration of his hopes of a career at once honourable to himself and family, and useful to his friends and country.

LONDON BOOKS. A bound in superior style, are offered at Auction prices, at R. GURLEY'S Commission Book store, 252 MARK STREET.—Splendid copies of Shakespeare, including his poems, with glossary and explanatory notes; Paley's Works 2 v.; Plutarch's Lives 1 v.; Gibbon's Roman Empire 4 v.; British Drama 2 v.; the best collection of plays ever published; Universal Register 3 v.; with Crutcher's Illustrations; Arabian Nights 1 v.; Life in Paris, numerous cold engravings; Lindber's Novels 26 nos. &c. April 15—17

NOTICE. THE UNION CANAL LOTTERY, Class No. 3, will be drawn at 4 o'clock to-morrow afternoon—highest prizes \$30,000, 15,000, 10,000, 5,000, &c. A few tickets and shares may be had on application at the Farmers' and Mechanics' Lottery and Exchange Office, No. 73 South Third street, A. M. NUTT, April 15—17

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, JOURNEYMAN to the Hair-dressing Business. Apply at No. 39 Chestnut street. JOHN KRAIL, April 15—17

This Day is Published, by Thomas Kite, No. 64 WALNUT STREET, A JOURNAL of the Life and Religious Labors of RICHARD JORDAN, a Minister of the Gospel, who died at Newton, Gloucester County, New Jersey. April 14—17

THE CASTILIAN, BY DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA Y COSIO, author of "Don Gomez Arias," a novel in 2 vols. just published and for sale by R. H. SMITH, 165 Chestnut street. April 15—17

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C. MEYER, CABINET, GRAND AND SQUARE Piano Forte Manufacturer, No. 108 NORTH FOURTH STREET, N. J. Seeks to procure Brass and Steel plates for any imported or made in this City. Pianos Repaired, Tuned, or taken in exchange. C. M. attends personally to all orders for Repairing or Tuning, in any part of the city. March 25—17

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, QUARTERLY meeting of the Institute will be held at their Hall, on Thursday evening next the 16th inst. at 7 1/2 o'clock. The Members are particularly requested to attend, as business of considerable importance will be laid before them. April 14—17

IMPERIAL PRINTING. A SMALL lot of 50 reams of Imperial Printing Paper, of superior quality, this day received and for sale at POTTER'S PAVER WAREHOUSE, 250 Market street, opposite Decatur street. April 15—17

A FEMALE TEACHER. A RESPECTABLE Woman, with competent qualifications to instruct 10 or 12 small children in reading, writing and sewing, is wanted immediately. The compensation and privileges, amount to \$125 a year. Application may be made to JAMES S. SMITH, THOMAS HALE, or WILLIAM MEREDITH, Attorneys of the Trustees of Dr. Bray's Associates. April 14—17

PORK. 500 BARRELS MESS AND PRIME PORK, 8 hds. HAMS. 500 Lbs LARD. For sale in lots to suit purchasers, by MACALESTER & YORKE, No. 8 Minor street. April 14—17

SEASON TICKETS. A FEW Stockholders' Season Tickets for sale at Johnson's, Arch Street House, next door to the Theatre. April 14—17

ORTHODOXY UNMASKED. OR, ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS. By George Washington Banks, of Ohio, will be published and for sale next Thursday, by R. H. SMITH, No. 165 Chestnut street. April 14—17

ALMANAC.					
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1	SUNDAY.	2	MONDAY.	3	TUESDAY.
4	TUESDAY.	5	WEDNESDAY.	6	THURSDAY.
7	THURSDAY.	8	FRIDAY.	9	SATURDAY.
10	SATURDAY.	11	SUNDAY.	12	MONDAY.
13	MONDAY.	14	TUESDAY.	15	WEDNESDAY.
16	TUESDAY.	17	THURSDAY.	18	FRIDAY.
19	FRIDAY.	20	SATURDAY.	21	SUNDAY.
22	SUNDAY.	23	MONDAY.	24	TUESDAY.
25	TUESDAY.	26	WEDNESDAY.	27	THURSDAY.
28	THURSDAY.	29	FRIDAY.	30	SATURDAY.
1	SUNDAY.	2	MONDAY.	3	TUESDAY.
4	TUESDAY.	5	WEDNESDAY.	6	THURSDAY.
7	THURSDAY.	8	FRIDAY.	9	SATURDAY.
10	SATURDAY.	11	SUNDAY.	12	MONDAY.
13	MONDAY.	14	TUESDAY.	15	WEDNESDAY.
16	TUESDAY.	17	THURSDAY.	18	FRIDAY.
19	FRIDAY.	20	SATURDAY.	21	SUNDAY.

